

Deleted Scene 6: That's What Friends Are For by paladin_cleric_mage

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Deleted Scene 6: That's What Friends Are For

Robin settles the phone into its cradle on her bedside table and turns to Steve, shirtless and grossly hairy beside her. "That was..."

"Did you hear it all?"

"Yeah." She'd been sidled up against him with her ear pressed to the receiver. "He sounded like, actually psycho. Mrs. Byers sounded scared. And did you hear her tell El to stay back?"

"Yeah. Something's wrong."

"Obviously."

Steve shakes his head. "No, this is bad. He told me he wasn't going to change his mind. Now he's calling *your* house in the middle of the night asking for *me*, saying he wants to be roommates? This is Jon we're talking about. Wants to be roommates? With me? No way, something's seriously wrong."

"But Steve, you just told him you're excited."

"I am! I don't wanna live in the middle of the woods alone. Plus, he needs this. He needs company his own age."

"So then why are you being all--?" She imitates his pouting.

"Cause I'm worried, okay? I'm worried about him."

"Woah."

"Yeah, woah. Listen, Rob, you can't tell a single soul this, unless you want me to get murdered when it comes back around to Jon, okay?"

"Despite your being annoying sometimes, I'm *far* from wanting you dead."

"Good. He's been getting high. Like my mom, kind of. Well, not kind of. He is."

"What? Seriously?"

"Yes, seriously!"

"Your mom is so chill, though."

"Yeah, which is why this is so weird. I don't know, I just have a bad feeling about it."

"A bad feeling," she echoes. "Listen, let's get back to sleep. Worrying right now is only going to make us useless tomorrow, and now we're signed up to help Mrs. Byers, El, *and* Jonathan. We need our beauty rest."

"I don't know if I can go back to sleep. I just— he sounded insane, right? Should we just go over there now?"

"No. We need sleep."

He stares into the lava lamp for so long she decides to cuddle him, softly wrestling him down beside her so she's spooning him, his hair tickling her face.

"Rob," he says, "what the hell are you doing? You like girls."

"This isn't a romantic cuddle, dingus, it's an everything-will-be-okay cuddle. A friends cuddle. I can't believe this is our last night together!"

"I can't either. Honestly I wasn't sure I'd ever get out of here." He finds her hand and holds it for a minute. "You know, Rob. You've been a really good friend to me. Thank you."

It's awkward receiving thanks from him. She giggles and snuggles him tighter. "You've been a good friend too. You were so good with El earlier at the arcade, I knew you'd support me! Teamwork, right? And it's not over. We're going to stay friends for a long, long time, you and I. You hear me?"

"I hear you."

"Okay, now get out of my bed!"

“Ow, I’m going, don’t kick me!” He gets up, playfully swatting her.
“I’ll see you in the morning, alright?”

“See you in the morning.”

When he reaches the door she calls, “Steve?”

“What?”

She wants to tell him *I love you* , but that might be confusing for his little boy brain, so instead she says, “You’re gonna be a great friend to him too.”